

the real thing at home. The Nilgiri Robin has the habits of his cousin, even to the twitching of his tail that Miss Kitching points out, but he is black and white, and a size larger. Minas have all the chattering habits of Starlings, but don't go in flocks. Hawks there are, and a few Swallows, but I have not seen Swifts up here. The dear familiar Grey Wag-tail is very much in evidence just now, but seems to be a solitary representative of its charming connexion. The Bulbul is a really superior bird, well groomed, and with a pleasing warble, not unlike a Blackbird in style. Thrushes and Blackbirds there are, but I have not heard much sound from them.

When my pupils and I go out, we love best of all to have a great "exploring," and it is our great ambition to meet a panther. Tigers and panthers are met by some favoured people. Jackals we see commonly. They are brazen almost to rudeness when the hunting season is over. Black monkeys we have seen twice. We had quite an adventure the first time. A loud, hollow, booming sound made us expect big game at least, but a sudden crash! crash! crash! down to the ground and up again, discovered to us three or four long-armed, hairy monkeys, looking rather menacing, though not really of a large size. We slunk away out of the wood, with vague memories of Mowgli's adventures and of fierce monkey stories, helping to speed our flight; but I believe this black kind is really quite harmless.

There are several quaint native tribes about the Nilgiris. Some we never see, as they live in the Jungle, but the Todas are the lords of the soil, for whom the others work, and to whom they pay tribute in kind. Todas worship buffaloes, and live in huts like turned-up boats with the ends cut off. The only ventilation is a tiny door, just big enough to crawl in by.

I feel almost wicked for touching in such a superficial way

on subjects so vast as Indian natural history, and native tribes, and English life in a hill station. Perhaps, Editor, if matter for the press is scarce one day, you will let me write again, and be a little more conscientious. There are such endless interests for Scale How students in a wonderful place like this, that I only wish a few more of them would come and enjoy it.—Yours very sincerely,

JESSIE A. MELLIS SMITH.

BOOK LIST.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Life and Letters of Jane Austen. By Austen-Leigh. (Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d.)

In the Way of the Saints. By G. Hodgson. (Longmans, 3s.)
Is an introduction to Mysticism.

Mysticism. By Evelyn Underhill. (15s.)

The Petticoat Commando. By Johanna Brandt. (Mills and Boon, 6s.)

An account of the Boer Secret Service Committee of women during the Boer war.

Scott's Last Diary. (Smith, Elder, 42s.)

The Life of Florence Nightingale. (Macmillan, 30s.)

Cambridge History of English Literature. Vol. X. *Age of Johnson.* (Cambridge University Press, 9s. net.)

The Tango, and How to Dance it. By Crozier. (Melrose, 2s. 6d.)

Via Veritatis. (Longmans, 6s. 6d. net.)

Careful notes on passages of the Bible for daily reading throughout the year. Very highly recommended.

With God in Prayer. By Bishop Brent. (Sole publishers in England, Hugh Rees, Regent Street, 2s.)

Book for help in devotions. Very highly recommended.

NOVELS.

- Notwithstanding.* M. Cholmondeley.
An Average Man. R. H. Benson.
The Artistic Temperament. Jane Wardle.
Hunt the Slipper. Oliver Madox Hueffer.
Queed. By Harrison.
Vivi's Eyes. Harrison.
The Stronger Claim. Alice Perrin.
The Magnetic North. Elizabeth Robins.
Multitude and Solitude. John Masefield.
The Inside of the Cup. Churchill.

E. A. PYPER.

THE STRING.

"I begin through the grass once again to be bound to the
 Lord;

I can see, through a face that has faded, the face full of
 rest

Of the Earth, of the Mother, my heart with her heart in
 accord:

As I lie mid the cool green tresses that mantle her
 breast

I begin with the grass once again to be bound to the
 Lord."

Formalism and the Religious Spirit: Ignatius Loyola and Francis of Assisi: Fra Angelico and Andrea del Sarto. Can religion be formal? Does not formality atrophy religion? What is religion? Is it the prayer of the Pharisee (a very religious formalist), or the cry of the rich young ruler? Does the heart go up with a great cry to God while the ear follows the beautiful chanting of exquisitely blended voices, and the eye a pageant of colour that threads its way through wor-

shipping crowds? What is religion? Is it the groping of a weary spirit for some light to guide it into a way less torturing, less arduous? "They that walk in darkness shall see a great light." But they must know they walk in darkness first. There is a condition to all the promises God has made; nothing will ever be given to those who do not want it.

And what does the religious formalist want? To call God's attention to his righteousness, and to have a larger audience of his fellow-men to observe his righteous path. There is little of the teaching of Jesus in these wants. Let us think about it: the companionship of God; the ever-present Light of the Father. Do we want it? We pray for strength to do His Will—to follow in the steps of His Son. We give thanks and praise in abundance when some joy or gladness warms our cold hearts to a glow; but do we ever really want the companionship of God? If we did, would that be religion? Solomon desired of God an understanding heart that he might govern wisely "This Thy so great people." And his days were bitterness, and his nights were sorrow, for he loved the earthy adulation of his fellow-men more than his power for seeing the mind of God.

Should we do more? Should we do as much? We are so little. We are so pleased with such little things. Our joys and sorrows hang on such trivial pegs. Because the great things of Life—Birth and Love and Friendship and Death—come to us seldom, and having touched us, go on. Our daily life is made up of tininess. But is it? The real thing;—the thoughts that shape our lives, the decisions we come to, the places we visit, the books we read, the beauty that we see—the sum of them is not little. No, but we remain little ourselves. Apart, burrowing; with no desire to go on or to look up. We have such a long thread and such a comfortable needle, and the chain of our lives is so pretty,

so varied with the beads we have picked up, let us go on as we were and leave this glittering thing behind that others may delight in it as we have done! What a comforting thought! That the sum of all the costly tawdry rubbish we collect in our lives is to make a thing that shall be joy to those who come after! Then really we are altruists of the finest type! Let us go on then and spend our heart's best energies on this glittering rubbish, not heeding the deep down knowledge that tells us we do not care two straws for posterity nor anything else but ourselves and the pleasure of the moment. The Presence of God. Could we bear it? To have to face the knowledge that He knows us as we are! Knows all about the wasted opportunity, the hidden talent, the heedless tongue. Is that all it would mean? Would we not find encouragement as well as blindness in that Light? Encouragement for the most puny of our efforts, the least worldly of our aspirations, that should help them to know what they meant and begin to try and get there? A little child came to me to-day and said: "We had it in church this morning: 'Almighty God, give us grace!' I knew it! I could say it, too!" What does it mean, "Give us grace"? Sometimes I think it means, "Desire to begin." I think it means that we drop our needle and thread and leave the beads to roll away, and turn right round to look for the Lord. It is so difficult to begin. Two students went to Miss Mason once and asked her: "How do we get back? How shall we find the Lord?" And she said: "Ask! He is here. Look up! He has come." Yet we know it is difficult. So is everything that is worth while.

"I begin through the grass once again to be bound to the Lord."

"Through the grass." Through the earth. In the innocent striving of God's beautiful children we find Him. Is it not so? Turn to the little creatures. To the wonder

and the order and the multitude of them; to the beauty and the patience and the self-sacrifice of them; to their gay pleasure in being so beautiful, their joy in fulfilment, their eagerness to go on; and when you have done that, I think you will feel that through this chain of glorious inarticulate innocence you are again bound to the Lord. Is not that religion? To be bound to the Lord. To walk in the Light without being dazzled by it, but only feeling its radiance about one's path. Would not that be religion? I think then we should never stoop for beads, but only gather living pearls, for the thread we passed through them would be the Presence of God.

B. A.

THANDIANI—AN INDIAN HILL STATION.

After being out in India for even a few months one's ideas on many subjects change considerably. Take, for instance, travelling. Before I came out I used to think the ten hours' journey from Folkestone to Ambleside very long, but now, after having often been a night and two days in the train, and sometimes two nights, I look back upon it as a very small journey.

Wherever one goes in India there seems to be a night journey; but the carriages are large, and made for night journeys, which makes them comparatively comfortable. Each one has four, five, or even seven berths, so one can lie down and go to sleep. The carriages need to be larger for another reason—one has to take in more luggage than would be the case in England, as in India people always take their bedding about with them. This amused me very much at first; out here it is very seldom provided, so you can imagine what a business it is packing up mattresses, blankets, pillows and sheets for a whole family! And having to strap them all up again in the train is still worse.

We leave Lahore for the Hills the first or second week in May, and by then it is *very* hot; the house has to be shut up from about 9 a.m. till 5 p.m. in order to keep it anything like bearable. Our train goes at 10 p.m., and we get out at 10 the next morning. Then we have a forty-mile drive along the most appallingly dusty road you ever saw, which is done in a tonga, a two-horse conveyance, the horses being changed every six or seven miles. We stop at a Dak Bungalow (a kind of rest house) for lunch, and then go on again, arriving at about 6 p.m., at Abbottabad, white with dust, and feeling very tired and shaken up. We spend the night at the Dak Bungalow there, and then early the next morning prepare for the sixteen miles ascent to Thandiani. The heavy luggage goes on mules, and the lighter things are carried by coolies. We drive the first three miles, then do the rest in dandies, walking at intervals. The road now becomes more of a steep, stony path, winding in and out of the hills.

It is delightful getting higher and higher up, the air gets cool and beautifully fresh, and the scent of the pine trees is delicious. After about six hours' steady going, we reach Thandiani, perhaps to find the last traces of the winter's snow still left.

It is a delightful little place, perched right on the top of a hill, nearly 9,000 feet high, and surrounded by hills. There is a most extensive view, hills for miles and miles round, the highest snow-covered; then in one direction you look right down on the plains, thousands of feet below, with distant hills in the background. The houses in a hill station differ from those in the plains by being much smaller, and having sloping instead of flat roofs. They are all (at least in Thandiani) one-storied. In nearly every case the walls inside are white-washed, or sometimes just plain wood, but in India wall-paper is very seldom used. The furniture is often rather scanty, as everything has to be carried up from

Abbottabad by coolies, a distance of sixteen miles on a rough track, mounting 4,000 ft. or so, so you can imagine that as few things as possible are taken up. But still the houses can be made quite cosy. There are only seventeen houses, a small Church, and a Post Office, no shops of any description.

Perhaps someone is thinking, "Whatever can make people go to such an out-of-the-way place?" Of course, for those who like a lot of gaiety, Thandiani is not the place in which to find it. There is a tennis club, and just enough level ground for two tennis courts. The walks round are lovely, especially long whole-day ones, which were very popular this year.

Thandiani is covered with pine and fir trees, also a few horse chestnuts, sycamore, walnut and cherry trees. Among the earlier flowers, large white peonies, mauve and pink saxifrage, white helleborine, violets, and white and mauve anemones are the most common. But the best time for flowers is September, after the rains are over. Then we have bright red potentillas, red, pink and white bistort, blue nepetas, golden rod, ragwort, St. John's wort, large pink mallows, large wild sunflowers, monkshood, edelweiss, and a great many others. Ferns grow most abundantly, maiden-hair especially, it is to be found everywhere. There is also a good deal of polypody, ribbon fern, and spleenwort. The climate is delightful up there, warm in the sun of course, but beautifully cool in the shade. We have fires lighted most evenings, and it gets very cold, especially during the rains. They usually begin at the beginning of July, and end about the first week in September. It rains almost every day, and everything is enveloped in mist, which clears up surprisingly quickly. There was hardly a day in which we couldn't get out, it generally cleared for some part of the day. Terrific thunderstorms are to be expected; I have never seen such rain, hail, and lightning, or heard such alarming peals of

thunder. The hailstones are often as big as cherries, and the noise they make on the tin roof is deafening! When September comes we have just occasional storms, and then the weather becomes fine and settled, and much colder. Everyone leaves in October, and the place is once more left for the bears and the panthers to roam about in.

M. DECK.

A SENIOR'S ALL-HALLOW'S E'EN NIGHT-MARE.

(Student seated at a desk with a pile of books.
Soliloquises).

Now, whichever shall I start on? Silvio Pellico, or Cæsar, or "Tuscy," or O.B., or my Crits, or my Drawing-room Evening, or Home Education? Let's have a shot at pagina vent'e tre. . . . (Reads, and tries to translate.) Oh! that is all wrong. I think I'll have a change, and do some O.B. Let me see, was it Plato or Pestalozzi who wanted children to have holes in their boots? And I can't see any difference between Froebel and Mme. Montessori. Well, I must begin somewhere. (Reads a bit.) . . . Do you know, I'm not taking in a word, perhaps I'll get on better with Cæsar. "Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres." Oh! I've forgotten all about my Crits: and O.B. is coming on Monday. Let me see, Geometry to the III. The square on the right-angled triangle. I don't feel up to that to-night. How about Dispersion of Seeds to the IV.? No, on the whole, I think I'm almost sure to get History to the babes. The White Ship. Oh! dear, I'm sure I shan't ever smile again! I know I shall muddle them all up when the time comes, so it won't make much difference which one he chooses. I wonder if I've got enough brain left to "cut" a Shakespeare; my drawing-room evening is on Tuesday, and I

haven't thought about it yet. . . . Oh, dash! I'm cutting it all wrong—and I *must* do some Tuscy. Let me see now, I was at Michael Angelo. I *fish* I could wind the place. I mean, I wish I could find it. That was rather a good Spoonerism! I *should* like to have met that dear man, by the way. . . . (Yawns.) . . . Oh dear! I am so tired, and so sick of all this stuff . . . and I've got such a "postessy" feeling. I wonder what I shall get? . . . To think that it is All-Hallows E'en to-night. . . . I should *love* to see some ghosts, though, of course, there aren't such things. . . . (Yawns.) . . . Oh dear! how sleepy I am . . . and I *must* do Tuscy. . . . No, O.B. . . . The square on the hypotenuse . . . seeds are dispersed . . . pagina vent e tre. . . . (She falls asleep.)

II.—THE DREAM.

POSTESS: So *you* are the governess they want me to have? Well, you aren't as nice-looking as you might be, but still. Well, you say you can teach German, Italian, French, Latin, Trigonometry, Hydrostatics, Philosophy, all kinds of Mathematics, including Music and Dancing? My child is $4\frac{1}{2}$ years old, and I shall want you to teach these subjects to her. How old are you?

STUDENT: I'm twenty-one to-day.

POSTESS: Well, I shall expect you to stay for twenty years you know, and you will teach from six in the morning to ten at night. I suppose you won't want any holidays?

STUDENT: Might I have an occasional half-holiday?

POSTESS: Good gracious, no! You're coming to my house to work, not to play. You'd have no objections to making my dresses and darning my husband's socks, I suppose?

STUDENT: Oh! not at all!

POSTESS: And salary, of course, we needn't discuss yet: it will be time enough to think of that in a year or two. We